

# Fiona Apple, Every Single Night

Every single night  
I endure the flight  
Of little wings of white-flamed  
Butterflies in my brain  
These ideas of mine  
Percolate the mind  
Trickle down the spine  
Swarm the belly, swelling to a blaze  
That's when the pain comes in  
Like a second skeleton  
Trying to fit beneath the skin  
I can't fit the feelins in  
Every single night's alright with my brain

What'd I say to her  
What'd I say it to her  
What does she think of me  
That i'm not what I ought to be  
That i'm what I try not to be  
It's got to be somebody else's fault  
I can't get caught  
If what I am is what I am, cause I does what I does  
Then brother, get back, cause my breast's gonna bust open  
The rib is the shell and the heart is the yolk yoke and  
I just made a meal for us both to choke on  
Every single night's a fight with my brain

I just want to feel everything

So i'm gonna try to be still now  
Gonna renounce the mill a little while and  
If we had a double-king-sized bed  
We could move in it and i'd soon forget  
That what I am is what I am cause I does what I does  
And maybe i'd relax, let my breast shot bust open  
My heart's made of parts of all that surround me  
And that's why the devil just can't get around me  
Every single night's alright, every single night's a fight  
And every single fight's alright with my brain

I just want to feel everything /4x